

DAREDEVIL AGAINST DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WHO FEAR!



MITCH ROTH AND JEFF O'BRIEN
HAVE BEEN PARTNERED FOR TWO
YEARS NOW.

A COUPLE OF DECENT,
HARDWORKING FAMILY
MEN WHO HAVE NO
STOMACH FOR GRAFT
OR RACISM OR
BRUTALITY.

IT'S NOT EASY
WORK, BEING A
NEW YORK COP.

KNOWING THAT
YOU'LL BE FACE-
TO-FACE WITH
THE FESTERING
UNDERBELLY OF
YOUR CITY CAN
MAKE IT HARD
TO GET OUT OF
BED IN THE
MORNING.

THAT YOUR STOMACH
GRUMBLING, MITCH?

YEAH. MUST BE TIME
FOR A QUICK SLICE
O' PIZZA.

KEEP EATIN' THAT
JUNK, MITCHIE, AND
YOU'RE GONNA END
UP A FAT OLD MAN
LIKE--

BUT, TO THESE MEN, THE MEAT
OF THE JOB IS HELPING PEOPLE.
WATCHING OVER THEM LIKE
GUARDIAN ANGELS.

THAT'S WHERE THE SATISFACTION
...THE REAL JOY... COMES IN.

--ME...?!

WHAT THE DEVIL
IS THAT?

I DON'T KNOW!
BUT IT DON'T LOOK
LIKE HE'S GETTIN'
OUTTA THE WAY!

TONIGHT THAT JOY IS GOING
TO BE, QUITE LITERALLY, BLED
OUT OF THEM...

... BY A LUNATIC
NAMED-- SIR.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

INFERNO

PART THREE

A HAPPY LUNATIC,
AT THE MOMENT.

HAPPY BECAUSE OF THE RED SUIT HE'S
WEARING; THE SUIT HE STRIPPED OFF
DAREDEVIL'S BROKEN BODY.

IN SIR'S WARPED UNIVERSE, THE
MALE SPIRIT--IN ALL ITS PRIMAL,
SAVAGE GLORY--IS GOD. TO BE
ANYTHING LESS IS TO BE
FLAWED AND WEAK AND
UNWORTHY OF LIFE.

(WHICH IS WHY SIR HAS SPENT SO
MUCH OF HIS TIME LATELY MURDER-
ING WOMEN. THEIR VERY EXISTENCE,
HE BELIEVES, IS AN AFFRONT TO
HIS GOD.)

AND HE SEEKS--IN HIS
DEMENTED WAY-- TO CON-
SUME MORE AND MORE OF
THAT ENERGY; TO ABSORB IT
INTO HIMSELF-- AND BLOT
OUT HIS OWN WEAKNESSES.

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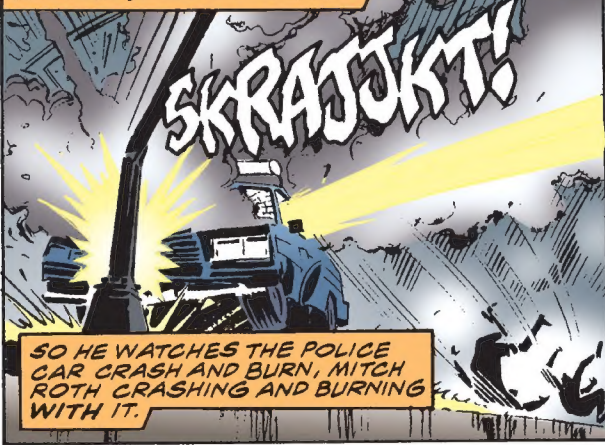


JEFF!

THE SUIT, SIR THINKS, IS A MEANS TO THAT END, FEELING IT AGAINST HIS FLESH; HE IMAGINES A FLOOD OF MALENESS, OF SCARLET PSYCHIC ENERGY, POURING INTO HIM.

THE ESSENCE OF ALL THAT PAREDEVIL WAS (FOR THE MAN IS SURELY DEAD; BODY ROTTING AT THE WAREHOUSE WHERE THEY BATTLED), IS NOW IN HIM.

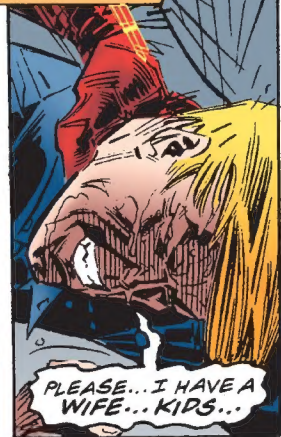
IN THE LIFE HE LIVED BEFORE... IN THOSE WRETCHED DAYS BEFORE HE WAS TRANSFORMED... SIR VIEWED ALL POLICEMEN AS HARD AND BRUTAL AND COLD.



SKRAJJK!



THEY WERE EVERYTHING HE HATED-- AND ASPIRED TO BE.

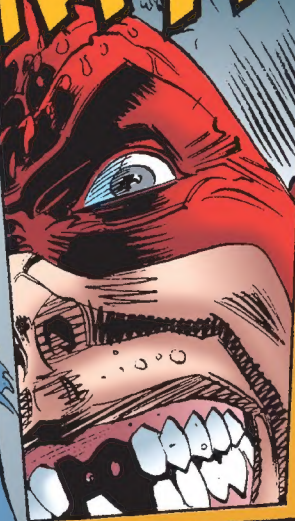


PLEASE... I HAVE A WIFE... KIDS...

SO WHAT BETTER WAY TO ADD TO HIS STORE OF POWER, HE SUDDENLY REALIZES, THAN BY KILLING AS MANY POLICEMEN AS HE CAN...



KRAKATHOOM



...AND LETTING THEIR MALENESS TRICKLE, LIKE BLOOD...

...INTO HIS EVERY CELL?

KAREN PAGE CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT KISS:

WHEN DAREDEVIL...WELL, THE MAN IN DAREDEVIL'S OLD YELLOW AND BLACK COSTUME... PRESSED HIS LIPS AGAINST HERS,* THERE WAS A JOY THERE, A LIGHTNESS OF SPIRIT, THAT MATT MURDOCK NEVER POSSESSED IN ALL THE YEARS KAREN WAS HIS LOVER.

THE CONCLUSION, THEN, IS LOGICAL AND SIMPLE: WHOEVER THIS IMPOSTOR IS, HE'S NOT --AS HE CLAIMS-- THE FIRST, THE TRUE, DAREDEVIL.

KAREN KNOWS FOR A FACT THAT MATT WAS DAREDEVIL, FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE LEGEND--UNTIL HIS DEATH, SEVERAL MONTHS AGO.

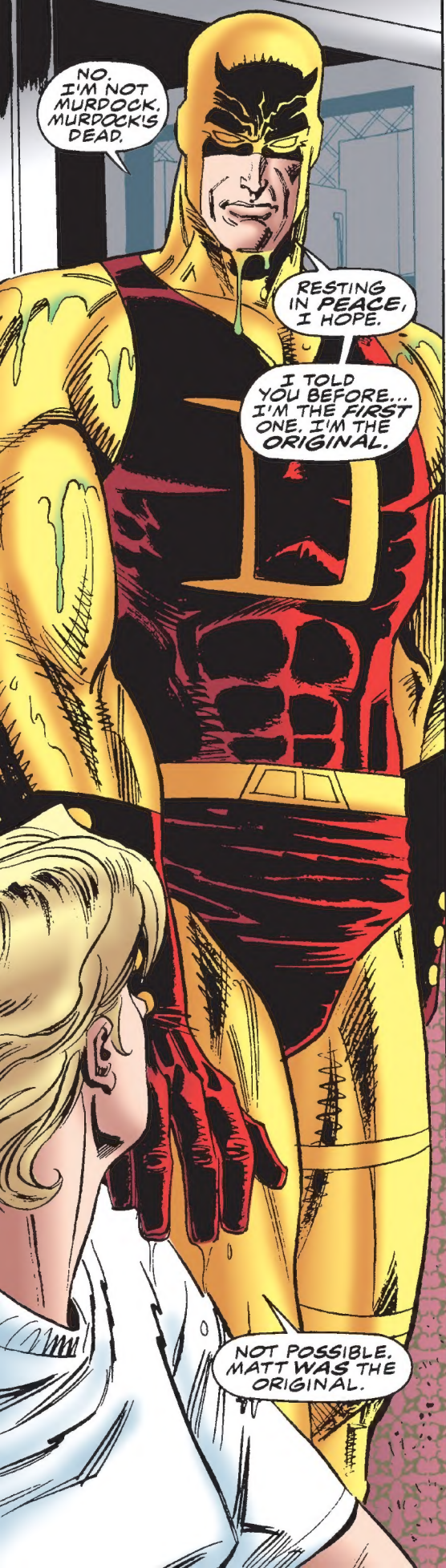
*LAST ISH, ROMANCE FANS!
--PROF.

SO WHY DOES SHE KEEP COMING BACK TO THAT KISS? WHY DOES SHE KEEP SIFTING THROUGH THE PAST, RELIVING OLD TIMES THAT SOMEHOW SEEM SO GOLDEN NOW?

PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE SHE CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT THE WAY HE KISSED HER... IS THE WAY MATT WOULD HAVE KISSED HER, IF HE'D HAD THE COURAGE, IN THOSE EARLY, AWKWARD DAYS.

PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE SHE'S BECOME MORE AND MORE CONVINCED THAT-- LOGIC BE DAMNED-- THAT MAN IN THE DINER WAS--

--MATT...?



NO. I'M NOT MURDOCK. MURDOCK'S DEAD.

RESTING IN PEACE, I HOPE.

I TOLD YOU BEFORE... I'M THE FIRST ONE. I'M THE ORIGINAL.

NOT POSSIBLE. MATT WAS THE ORIGINAL.



AND SO YOU--

YOU'RE... CONFUSED. MURDOCK CAME LATER. AFTER I'D--

--GONE AWAY.



JUST THE SAME WAY THAT SLEAZEBAG JACK BATLIN TOOK OVER FROM MATT AFTER HE DIED.

THEN WHO ARE YOU--



--UNDER THAT MASK?



I-IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO I AM. ALL THAT MATTERS IS--

--I'M BACK.

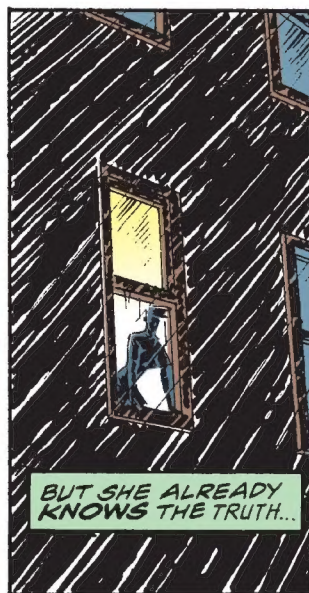
I'M BACK, KAREN--

--AND I LOVE YOU.



THERE ARE SOME... THINGS I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF. BUT WHEN I'M DONE, I'LL COME SEE YOU AGAIN. AND I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.



BUT SHE ALREADY KNOWS THE TRUTH...



...AND IT
TERRIFIES
HER.

...SO THEY
SAY IT WAS
DAREDEVIL
MADE THIS
MESS, HUH?

ACCORDING
TO THE FEW
WITNESSES, HE
CAME CRASHING
THROUGH THAT
SKYLIGHT,
WRESTLING WITH
A--BALD GIANT.

FITS THE DESCRIPTION OF THE
WHACKO WHO THREW MELINDA
DENNIS OUT THAT WINDOW UP
ON SEVENTIETH.



IF DD WAS MESSING
WITH THAT GUY, I HOPE
HE CAME THROUGH IT
IN ONE PIECE.



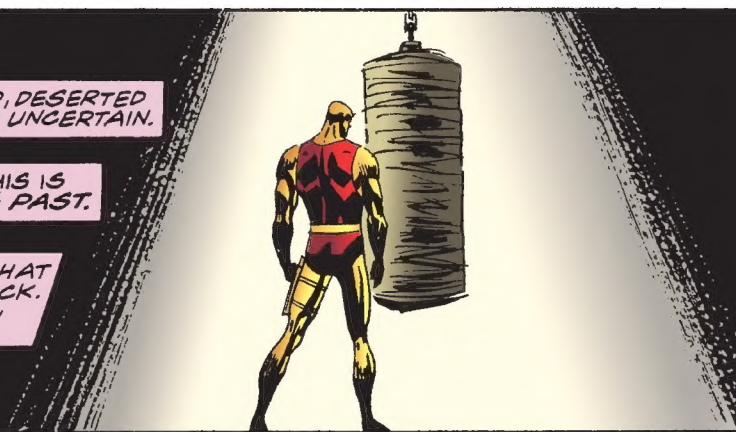
YEAH--

"--I HOPE SO, TOO."

HE STANDS IN THE OLD, DESERTED
GYM--CONFUSED AND UNCERTAIN.

WHY AM I HERE? HE WONDERS. THIS IS
MURDOCK'S PLACE. MURDOCK'S PAST.

THEN, ALL AT ONCE, HE REALIZES THAT
HE'S THERE BECAUSE OF MURDOCK.
HE UNDERSTANDS-- IN SOME DEEP,
INTUITIVE WAY HE CAN'T EXPLAIN--
THAT THE LAWYER IS DEAD.



THEN HE FAKED HIS DEATH. AND
HE'S WAITING TO COME BACK.

COME BACK AND
CORRUPT THE NAME
OF DAREDEVIL AGAIN.



TO LAUGH AT
ALL THAT'S
DECENT...



...AND SIN.

HE CAN'T ALLOW THAT.

FAPP

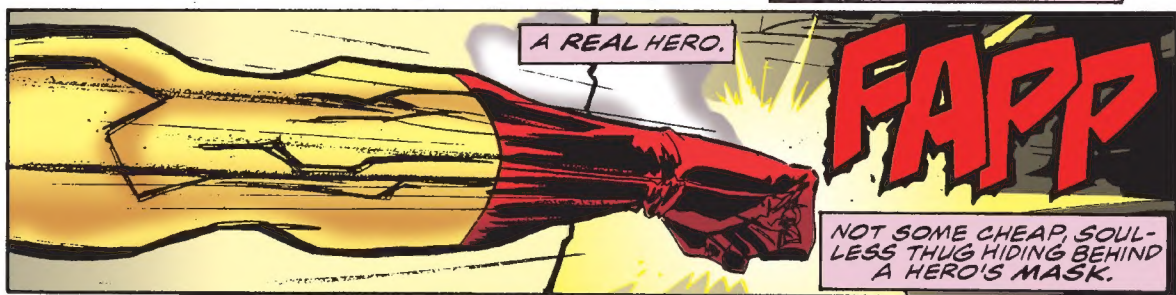
HE'LL STOP MURDOCK THE WAY HE STOPPED BATLIN.

NO MORE FRAUDS.
NO MORE LIARS.



FAPP

IT'S TIME FOR DAREDEVIL TO BE A HERO AGAIN.



A REAL HERO.

FAPP

NOT SOME CHEAP, SOUL-LESS THUG HIDING BEHIND A HERO'S MASK.



I HATE YOU, MURDOCK! I HATE YOU AND EVERYTHING YOU STAND FO--

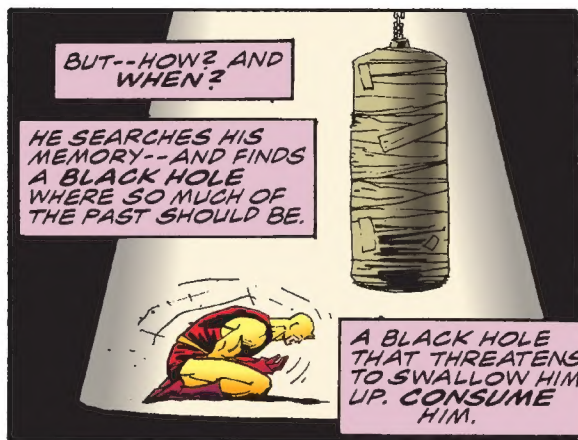


SMACK

THE PAIN SHOOTS UP HIS LEFT ARM--AND IT TAKES ALL HIS CONTROL TO HOLD BACK A HOWL OF PAIN.



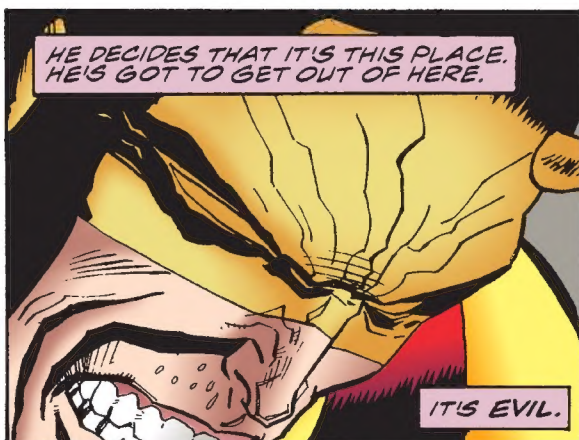
HIS HAND IS FRACTURED, HE REALIZES; MAYBE BROKEN.



BUT--HOW? AND WHEN?

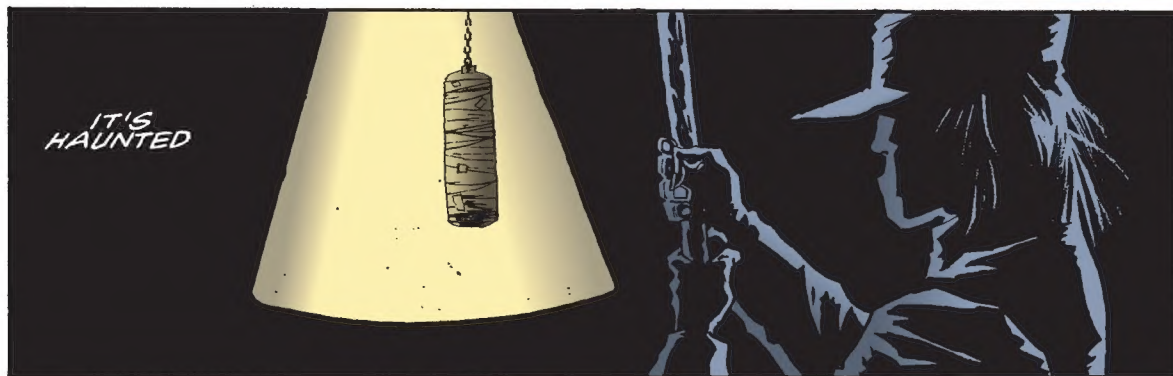
HE SEARCHES HIS MEMORY--AND FINDS A BLACK HOLE WHERE SO MUCH OF THE PAST SHOULD BE.

A BLACK HOLE THAT THREATENS TO SWALLOW HIM UP. CONSUME HIM.



HE DECIDES THAT IT'S THIS PLACE. HE'S GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

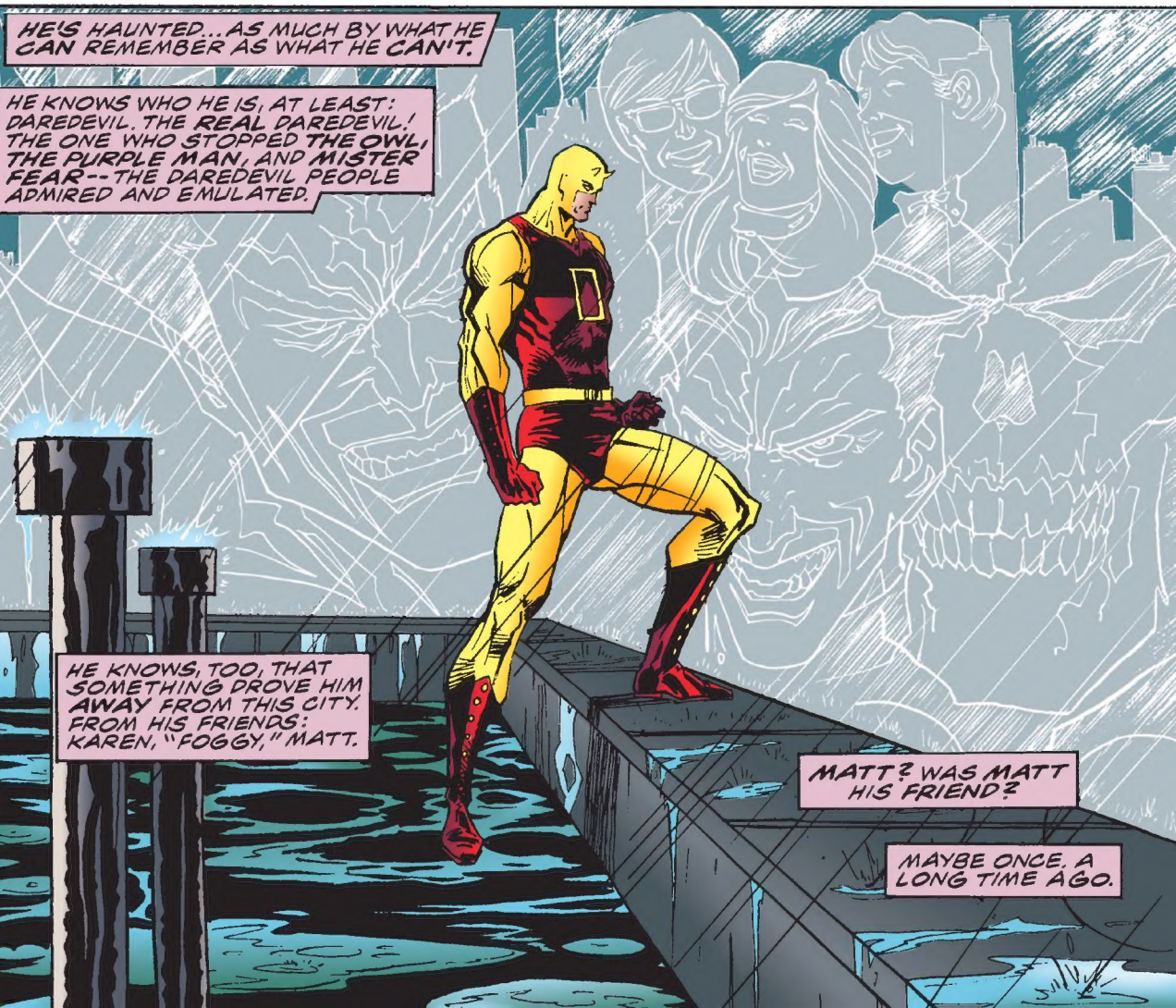
IT'S EVIL.



IT'S HAUNTED

HE'S HAUNTED...AS MUCH BY WHAT HE CAN REMEMBER AS WHAT HE CAN'T.

HE KNOWS WHO HE IS, AT LEAST: DAREDEVIL. THE REAL DAREDEVIL! THE ONE WHO STOPPED THE OWL, THE PURPLE MAN, AND MISTER FEAR--THE DAREDEVIL PEOPLE ADMIRERD AND EMULATED.



HE KNOWS, TOO, THAT SOMETHING DROVE HIM AWAY FROM THIS CITY. FROM HIS FRIENDS: KAREN, "FOGGY," MATT.

MATT? WAS MATT HIS FRIEND?

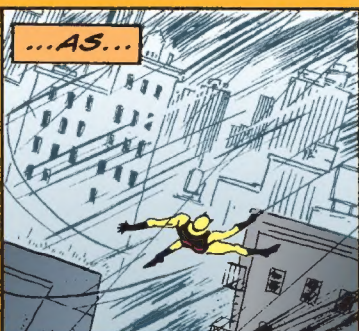
MAYBE ONCE. A LONG TIME AGO.

BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO FIND MURDOCK. STOP HIM-- ONCE AND FOR ALL.



THEN HE CAN HAVE A LIFE AGAIN, A GOOD AND DECENT LIFE, AS DAREDEVIL AND AS...

...AS...



AGAIN, THE BLACK HOLE IN HIS MEMORY THREATENS TO SWALLOW HIM; AND HE REALIZES, TO HIS HORROR, THAT THE REASON HE DIDN'T LET KAREN TAKE OFF HIS MASK EARLIER...

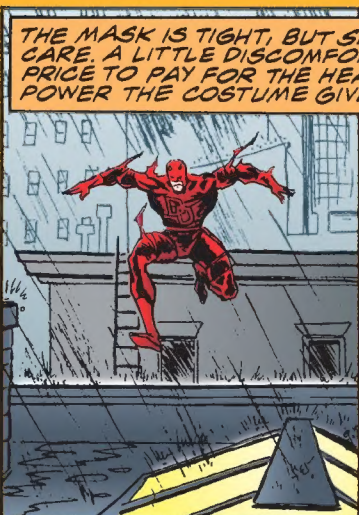
...WAS BECAUSE HE HAD NO IDEA...



...WHOSE FACE WAS UNDERNEATH.



THE MASK IS TIGHT, BUT SIR DOESN'T CARE. A LITTLE DISCOMFORT IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THE HEADY RUSH OF POWER THE COSTUME GIVES HIM.



POWER TO CLEANSE HIMSELF, REMAKE HIMSELF. POWER TO KILL YESTERDAY.

THE PAST HAS TO DIE.

SHAME HAS TO DIE.

EVERYONE, EVERY THING, HE ONCE WAS, HAS TO BE CONSUMED IN A FIERY TOWER OF MALENESS.



AND HERE... HERE IS
WHERE HE'LL MAKE
HIS STAND. MURDER
YESTERDAY...

...ONCE AND
FOR ALL.

KASSK
THH!

UNIFORMS,
UNIFORMS--
SO MANY
UNIFORMS!

SO MUCH MALE
ENERGY TO ABSORB!

TO BECOME!

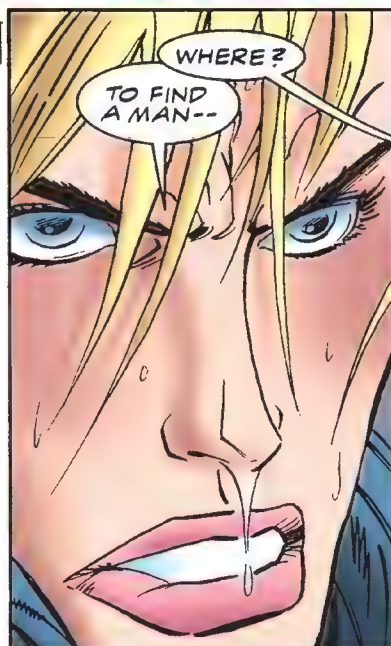
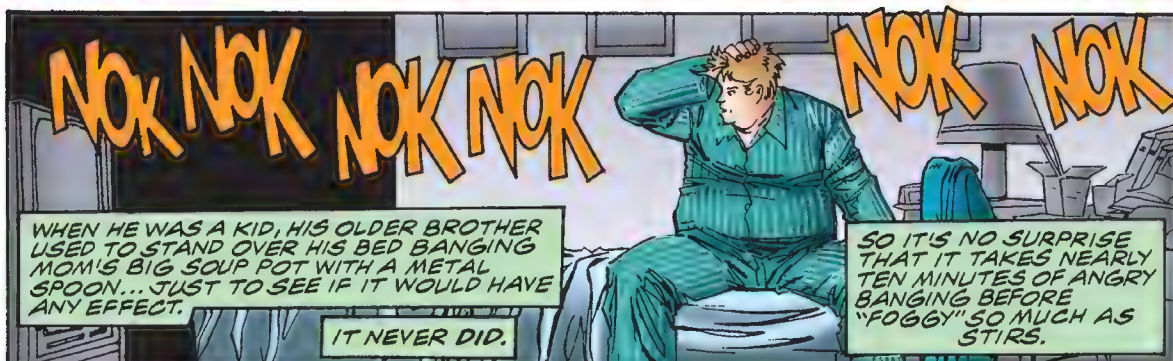
FOR A MOMENT AN
IMAGE FLASHES BEFORE
HIS MIND'S EYE--HE SEES
HIMSELF AS HE WAS
BEFORE THE TRANSFORMA-
TION; SEES THE NAKED
FEAR, THE FLESHY
WEAKNESS.

IN DISGUST, HE
PUSHES THE
IMAGE AWAY.

RAKKKKK

WHOEVER THAT PERSON WAS,
HE THINKS; IT'S NOT ME. IT
WAS NEVER ME!

I'M BLOOD AND
MANHOOD; FIRE
AND RAGE!





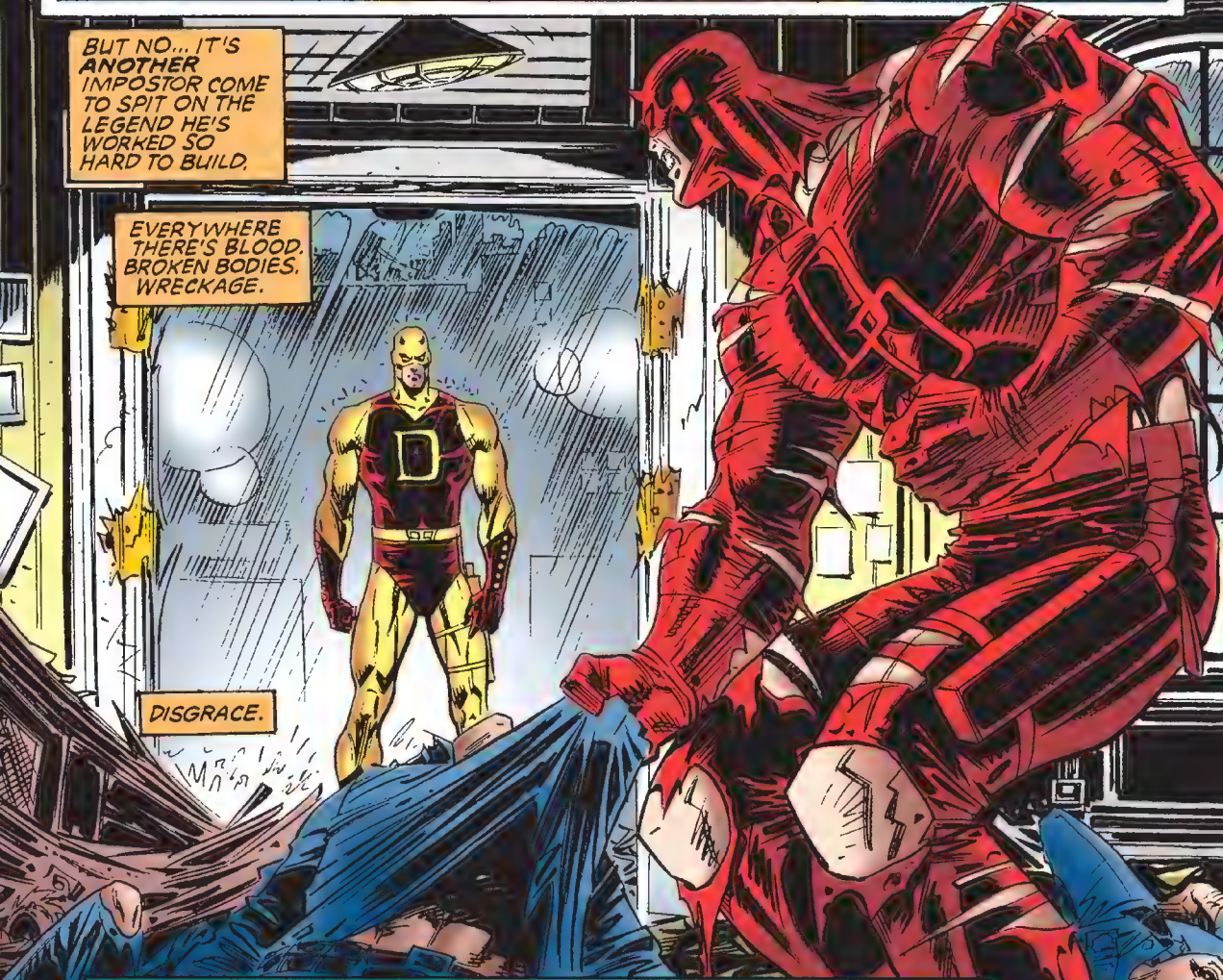
"...NAMED
JACK BATLIN."

WHEN HE HEARD
THE REPORTS
ABOUT THE LUNATIC
IN THE DAREDEVIL
SUIT, HE WAS
SURE IT MUST BE
MURDOCK.

BUT NO... IT'S
ANOTHER
IMPOSTOR COME
TO SPIT ON THE
LEGEND HE'S
WORKED SO
HARD TO BUILD.

EVERYWHERE
THERE'S BLOOD.
BROKEN BODIES.
WRECKAGE.


DISGRACE.



HE WON'T TOLERATE IT
ANY MORE. HE CAME
BACK TO PUT AN END
TO THIS MADNESS...

... AND HE
WILL!

SIR, FOR HIS PART, IS
DELIGHTED TO SEE
THIS LATEST VARIATION
ON A THEME. ANOTHER.
SUIT TO STRIP AWAY;
ANOTHER SOURCE OF
POWER.



ANOTHER CHANCE
TO DESTROY THE
PAST-- AND BURY
THE DISGRACE AND
HUMILIATION...

... OF WHAT HE WAS BEFORE.





N-NO... THE GUY
IN THE YELLOW
SUIT... HE TRIED
TO HELP US!

IT'S
THE
OTHER
ONE
WHO...

THE OTHER ONE WHO
TAKES ADVANTAGE
OF THE MOMENTARY
DISTRACTION TO
EXPLODE IN FURY.

TO SHATTER
MORE BONES.
SPILL MORE
BLOOD.

ENOUGH!



I KNOW
NOW... SIR.
I KNOW THE
TRUTH ABOUT
YOU.

YOUR
DIRTY LITTLE
SECRET.

YOU
DON'T KNOW ME!
YOU CAN'T KNOW
ME!

THE WORDS TUMBLE OUT OF
THIS DAREDEVIL'S MOUTH--
AND THEY SURPRISE HIM
ALMOST AS MUCH...

NO!!

... AS THEY
SURPRISE
SIR.



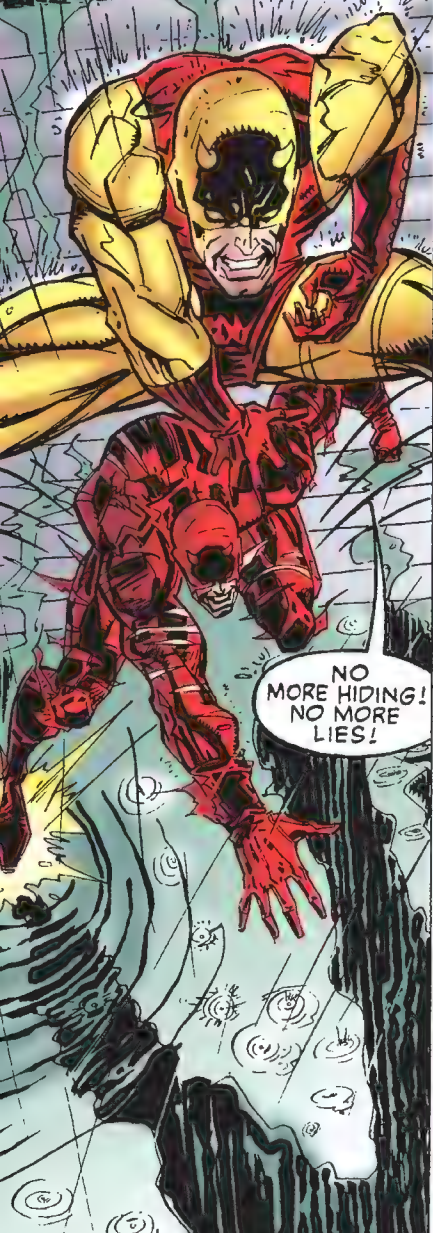


I DON'T
EVEN KNOW
MYSELF!

BUT SIR
DOES KNOW
HIMSELF.

NO MATTER HOW LONG, HOW
HARD, HE'S STRUGGLED TO
KEEP THE TRUTH LOCKED AWAY
IN A DARK CORNER OF HIS MIND...

...IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THERE--
LIKE A LETHAL JACK-IN-THE-
BOX...



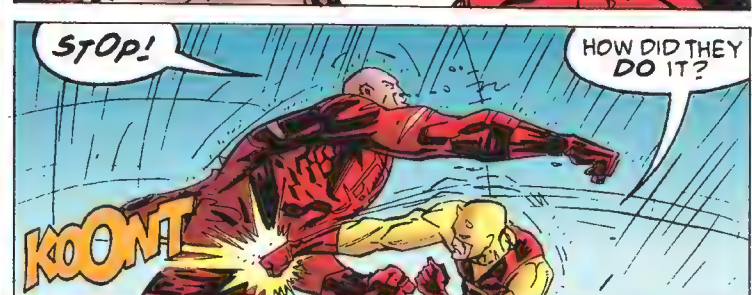
NO
MORE HIDING!
NO MORE
LIES!



... WAITING TO
SPRING OUT
AND DESTROY
HIM.

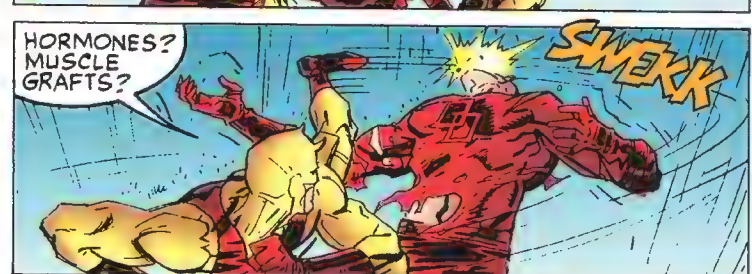
NO MORE
MASKS!

STOP!!



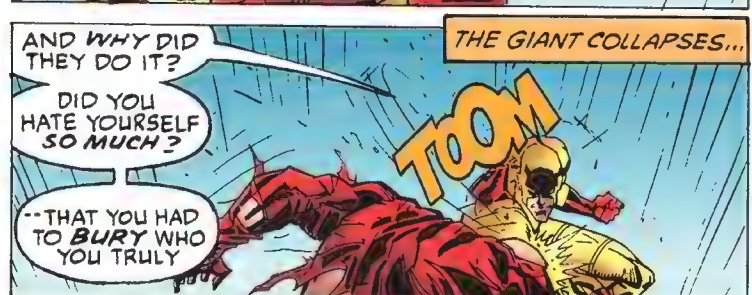
STOP!

HOW DID THEY
DO IT?



HORMONES?
MUSCLE
GRAFTS?

SWEKK



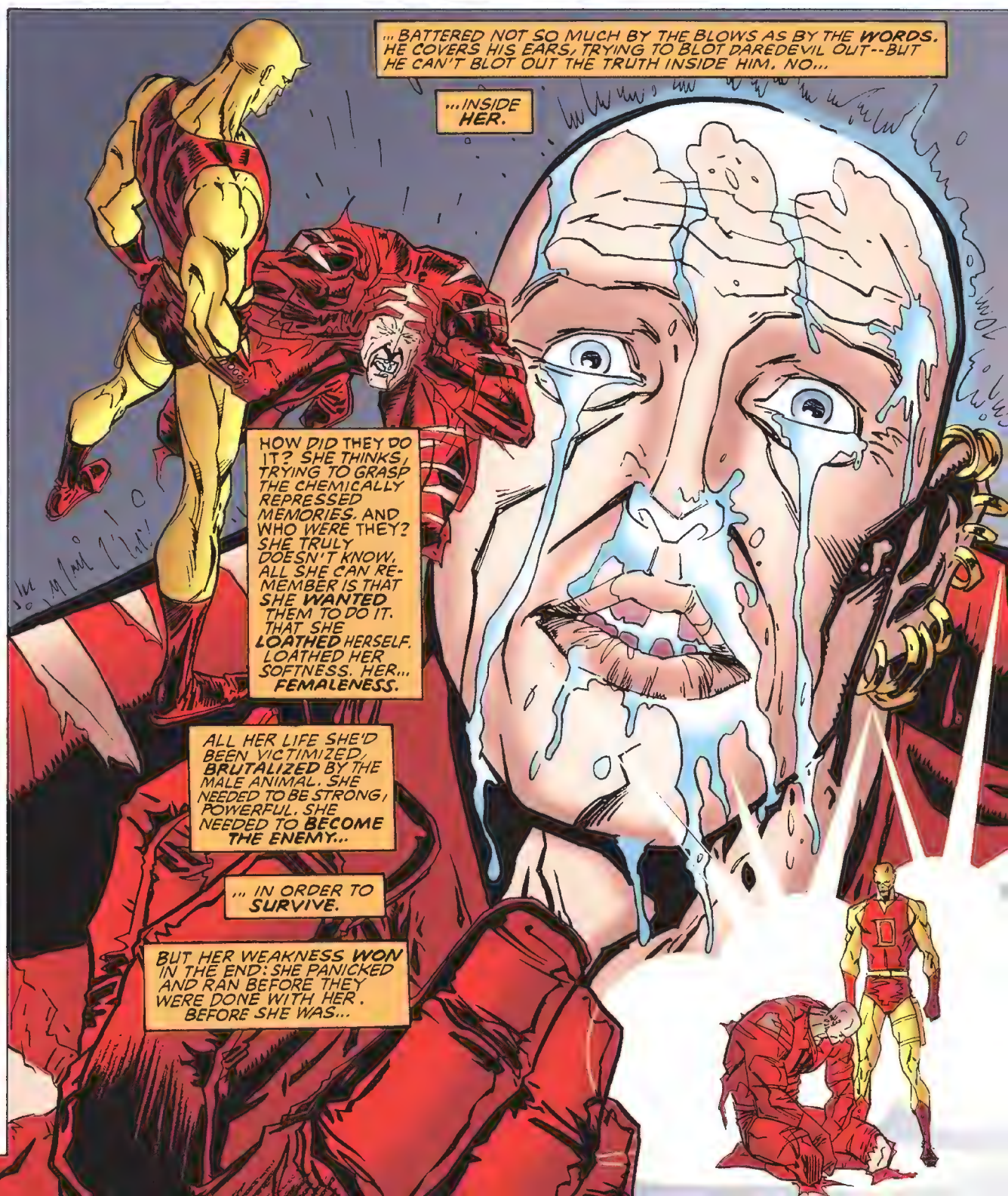
AND WHY DID
THEY DO IT?

DID YOU
HATE YOURSELF
SO MUCH?

--THAT YOU HAD
TO BURY WHO
YOU TRULY

THE GIANT COLLAPSES...

TOOM



... BATTERED NOT SO MUCH BY THE BLOWS AS BY THE WORDS.
HE COVERS HIS EARS, TRYING TO BLOT DAREDEVIL OUT--BUT
HE CAN'T BLOT OUT THE TRUTH INSIDE HIM. NO...

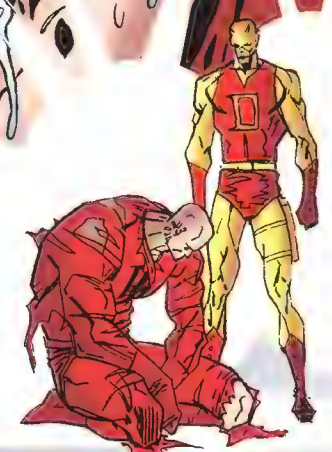
...INSIDE
HER.

HOW DID THEY DO
IT? SHE THINKS,
TRYING TO GRASP
THE CHEMICALLY
REPPRESSED
MEMORIES. AND
WHO WERE THEY?
SHE TRULY
DOESN'T KNOW.
ALL SHE CAN RE-
MEMBER IS THAT
SHE WANTED
THEM TO DO IT.
THAT SHE
LOATHED HERSELF.
LOATHED HER
SOFTNESS. HER...
FEMALENESS.

ALL HER LIFE SHE'D
BEEN VICTIMIZED,
BRUTALIZED BY THE
MALE ANIMAL. SHE
NEEDED TO BE STRONG,
POWERFUL. SHE
NEEDED TO BECOME
THE ENEMY...

... IN ORDER TO
SURVIVE.

BUT HER WEAKNESS WON
IN THE END: SHE PANICKED
AND RAN BEFORE THEY
WERE DONE WITH HER.
BEFORE SHE WAS...



...COMPLETE.

AS THE POLICE TAKE SIR INTO CUSTODY, DAREDEVIL TURNS AND WALKS AWAY. HE FEELS NO PRIDE IN THIS VICTORY. ALL HE FEELS...

HEY--
DAREDEVIL!

DAREDEVIL--

--WAIT!

GUESS
HE DON'T
FEEL LIKE
TALKIN'.

...IS FEAR.

SO MANY QUESTIONS FILL HIS HEAD. WHAT AM I DOING HERE? HE WONDERS, IN BATLIN'S HOUSE? AND HOW DID I KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT SIR?

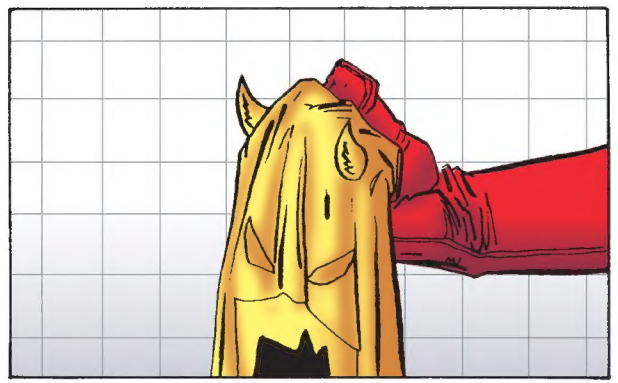
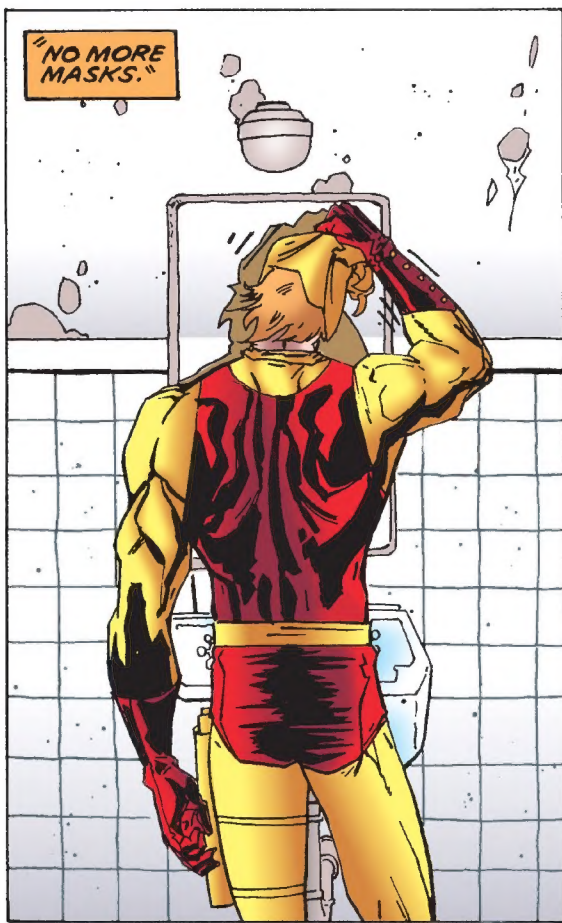
WAS IT MY RADAR
SENSE THAT--?

NO. RADAR
SENSE? HE
DOESN'T HAVE
RADAR SENSE...
MURDOCK
DOES.

HE ISN'T A
BLIND MAN...
MURDOCK
IS.

THEN WHY, HE SUDDENLY
REALIZES, CAN'T HE
SEE HIMSELF IN THE
MIRROR? WHY IS THE
WORLD SO DARK AND
COLD?

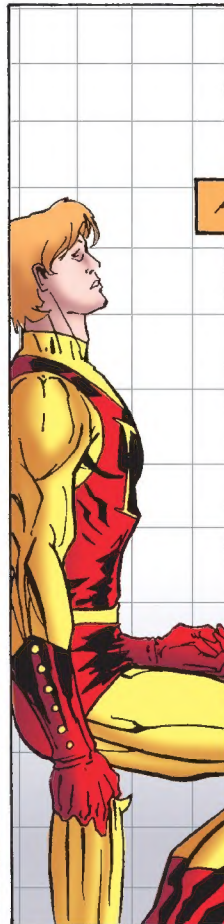
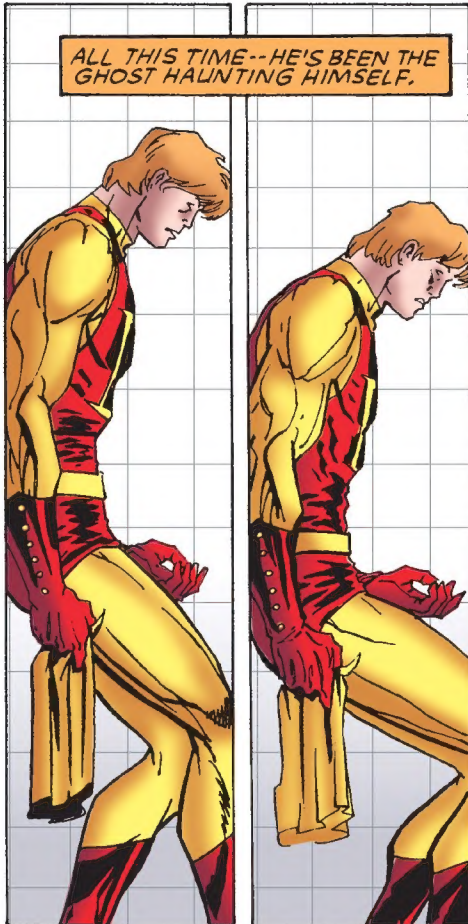
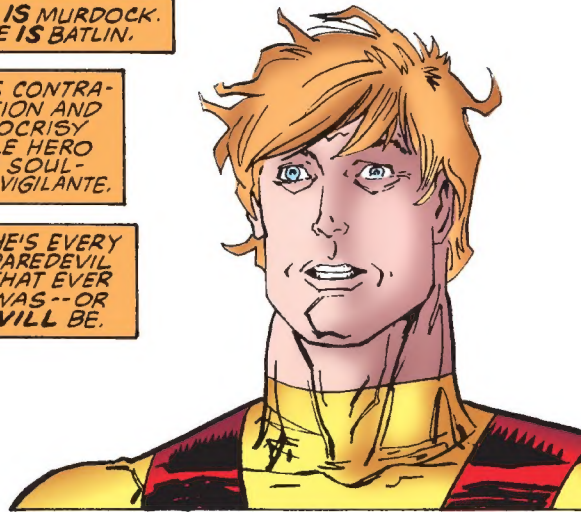
HE THINKS OF THE
WORDS HE SPOKE
TO SIR: "NO MORE
HIDING. NO MORE
LIES.



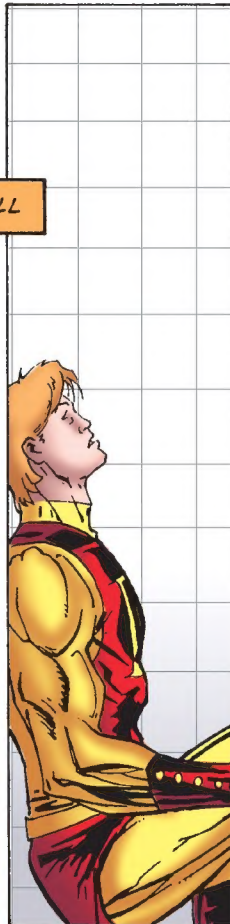
HE IS MURDOCK.
HE IS BATLIN.

HE'S CONTRA-
DICTION AND
HYPOCRISY
NOBLE HERO
AND SOUL-
LESS VIGILANTE.

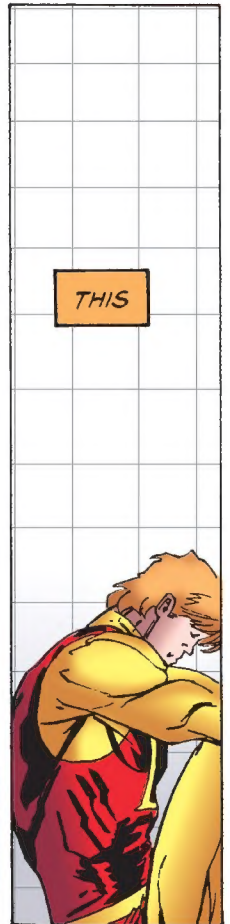
HE'S EVERY
DAREDEVIL
THAT EVER
WAS--OR
WILL BE.



ALL



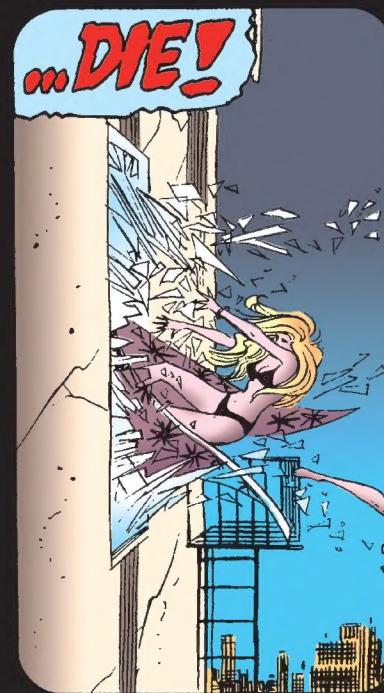
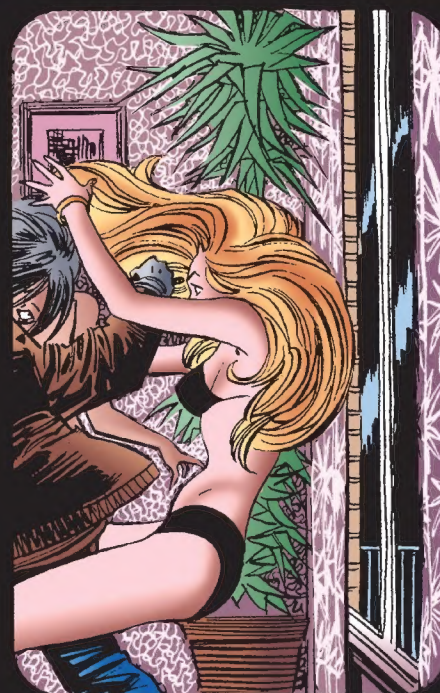
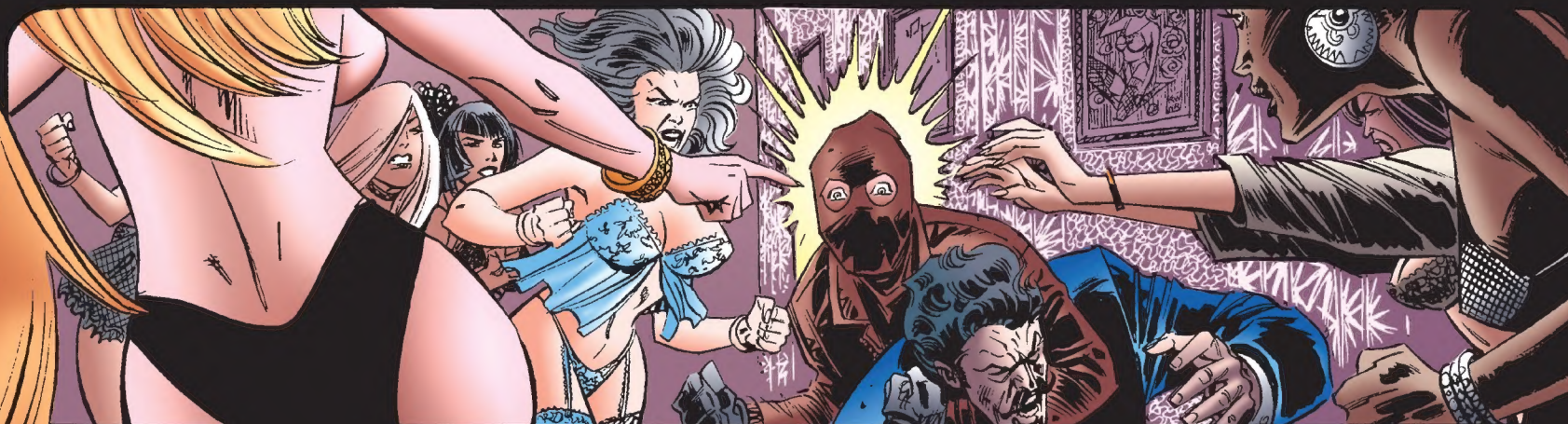
THIS



TIME:

GOOD LITTLE BOY,
KNEELS IN PRAYER.
LOVES HIS FATHER. PINES
FOR HIS MOTHER.

SWEARS TO BE GOOD.
TO BE GENTLE AND
KIND. NO FIGHTING,
NO ANGER, NO FISTS.



HE DIDN'T MEAN TO
DO IT. HE WAS LITTLE
MORE THAN A BOY,
THEN... HUNTING THE
MEN WHO'D KILLED
HIS FATHER... WHEN
HE STUMBLED ONTO
THE WOMEN... AND
THEY ATTACKED HIM.*

CONFUSED, HIS HYPER-SENSES OVERWHELMED BY
THE STINK OF SEX AND CHEAP PERFUME, HE THRASHED
OUT WITHOUT THINKING--AND ONE OF THEM FELL.
(I'M NOT A KILLER.) DOWN LIKE GLORIANNA.
(I'M A HERO!) DOWN...

GOOD LITTLE BOY, BLIND
AS A BAT, FULL OF RAGE AND
PAIN. SEEKING VENGEANCE
AND BLOOD.

GOOD LITTLE BOY, GOES
TO CONFESSION WORSHIPS
GOD AND THE LAW. SANCTITY
AND ORDER

WEARS A MASK AND
RUNS WILD. BREAKS THE LAW.
LAUGHS IN GOD'S FACE.

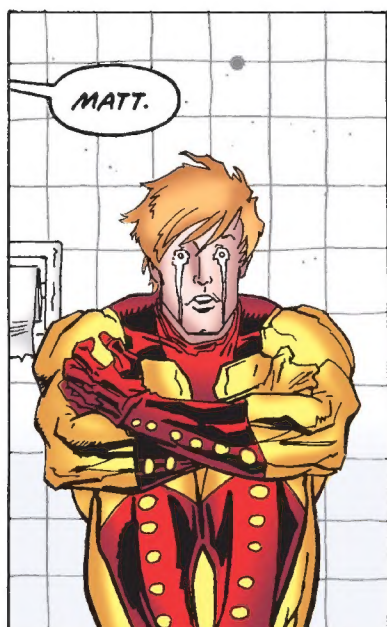
GOOD LITTLE BOY,
PUSHES HER--HARD.
WATCHES HER FALL.
WATCHES HER...

...LIKE HIS OWN

DAMNED

SOUL.

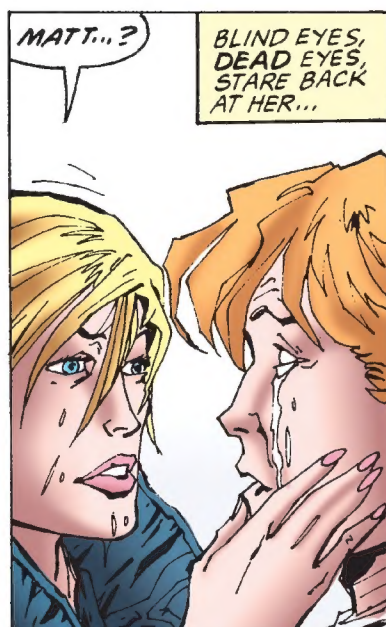
* SEE THE
CLASSIC MAN
WITHOUT FEAR
MINI-SERIES...J.F.



MATT.



MATT-- IT'S
KAREN... AND
FOGGY.



MATT...?

BLIND EYES,
DEAD EYES,
STARE BACK
AT HER...

MATT MURDOCK HAS GONE AWAY. AS HAS JACK
BATLIN. AS HAS EVERY DAREDEVIL THAT EVER WAS...



I DON'T UNDERSTAND
ANY OF THIS! MATT'S--
ALIVE?!

WH-WHAT'S HE DOING
IN THAT COSTUME?!
HOW DID HE--?!

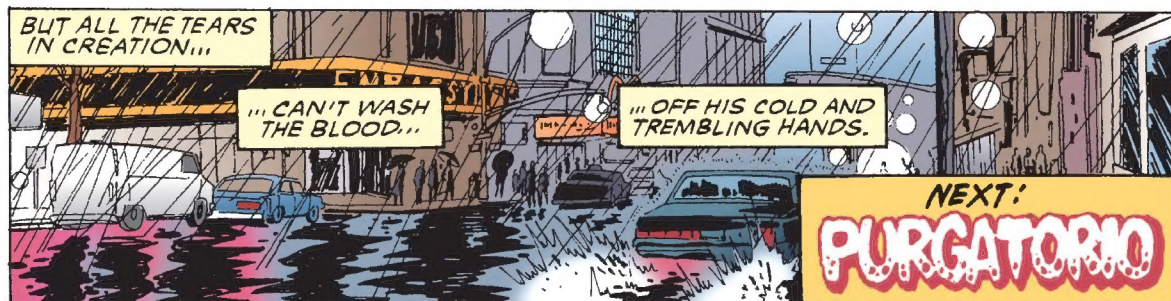
NOT NOW,
FOGGY.

... OR EVER
WILL BE.



NOT
NOW.

NO IDENTITY. NO SIGHT. NO HEARING.
NO TASTE. NO TOUCH. NO SMELL.
ONLY TEARS; A DELUGE OF THE SOUL.



BUT ALL THE TEARS
IN CREATION...

... CAN'T WASH
THE BLOOD...

... OFF HIS COLD AND
TREMBLING HANDS.

NEXT:
PURGATORIO